As hardy as the *Nemean* Lions nerve:
Still am I call'd; unhand me Gentlemen,
By heaven Ile make a Ghoſt of him that lets me:
I ſay away: Goe on, Ile follow thee. *Exit Ghoſt and Hamlet.*
Hor. He waxes deſperate with imagination.
Mar. Lets follow, 'tis not fit thus to obey him.
Hora. Have after: to what iſſue will this come?
Mar. Something is rotten in the State of *Denmarke:*
Hora. Heaven will direct it.
Mar. Nay let's follow him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ghoſt and Hamlet.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? ſpeake, Ile goe no further.
Ghoſt. Marke me.
Ham. I will.
Ghoſt. My houre is almoſt come,
When I to ſulphrous and tormenting flames
Muſt render up my ſelfe.
Ham. Alas poore Ghoſt.
Ghoſt. Pity me not, but lend thy ſerious hearing
To what I ſhall unfold,
Ham. Speake, I am bound to heare.
Gho. So art thou to revenge when thou ſhalt heare.
Ham. What?
Ghoſt. I am thy fathers ſpirit,
Doom'd for a certaine terme to walke the night,
And for the day confin'd to faſt in fires,
Till the foule crimes, done in my dayes of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away: But that I am forbid
To tell the ſecrets of my priſon-houſe,
I could a tale unfold, whoſe lighteſt word
Would harrow up thy ſoule, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like ſtars ſtart from their ſpheres,
Thy knotted and combined lockes to part,
And each particular haire to ſtand an end
Like quills upon the feareſull Porpentine:
But this eternall blazon muſt not be
To eares of fleſh and blood: liſt, liſt, O liſt,
If thou didſt ever thy deare father love.

Ham.